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State Highlights 12/15/1954

Western State High School

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State Highlights

Volume XVI

Kalamazoo, Michigan, December 15, 1954

Number 5

Carols, Program, Dance Herald Holidays



"Silent Night, Holy Night" sing a group of State High carolers. First row: N. Watterworth, B. Forester, J. den-Bleyker, S. Spann, C. Hartman, J. Moon, R. Bryan, J. Dekema, K. Sebalý. Second row: S. Locke, D. Bair, G. Birch, D. Swoap, J. Peelen, G. Peelen, W. Locke, C. Sweet.

Recipe to Trim a Tree

Ingredients:

1. Many boxes of fragile ornaments (the more easily broken, the better.)
2. Few dozen strings of lights.
3. Paper chains (made by you way back in the third grade.)

Directions:

Mix well so that all lights are well-tangled and best ornaments broken. Test lights. Put butter on burn.

Climb ladder. Put band-aid on cut knee.

Again climb ladder. Put on star. Lean over to adjust. Climb down ladder and pick up tree.

Stop baby brother from trying to bounce ornaments and strap in high chair. Rest!

Start hanging paper chains. Look for paste to repair ripped ones. Try to soften paste with water.

Get dog out of icicles.

Try once more to hang ornaments. Jot down on shopping list: Urgent! Two boxes of \$3.50 ornaments.

Bang head against wall and moan. Sit down. Pick up pieces.

Call boy friend, and in sweetest voice persuade him to trim the tree. If that doesn't work, (but it usually will), call Pop. He will be glad to do it.

—Suzanne Lennartson, '57

Vacation Coming

With the Christmas holiday drawing nearer every day, State High students are enjoying many special Christmas events.

This year's Christmas assembly will take place tomorrow, December 16, at 2 o'clock in Kanley Chapel. It will be a religious program telling the Christmas story through scripture and music. Participating in the assembly will be Peter Platt, narrator, and the choir under the direction of Mr. Frey. Ellen Davis and Barbara Stewart will offer solos.

Tonight State High carolers will bring Christmas cheer to the many people in homes for the aged and sanitariums. The group decided not to go to the two main hospitals this year because they would be appreciated more in the smaller institutions.

As in the past years at Christmas time, each homeroom at State High is again helping to fill Christmas stockings for the patients at the State Hospital, Fairmount, the new Southwestern Michigan Sanatorium, and the aged folks at the County Infirmary and in the homes. Suggested items for filling the Christmas stockings are wrapped candies, whole nuts, tiny candy canes, chewing gum, puzzles and many other items.

Climaxing the gay holiday events will be State High's annual Christmas Formal on December 20, in the Walwood Ballroom from nine to twelve. Couples will be dancing to the music of Johnny Smith and his band. Serving as general chairman of this year's formal, "Frosted Fantasy," will be Ann Malotte assisted by Joanne Puotinen, decorations; Ellen Davis, chaperones; Carol Hartman, programs; Howard Jennings, tickets; Jane Haney, publicity; Dianne Sabo, refreshments; Helen Alman and Ellen Davis, music; Helen Alman, entertainment.

COMING EVENTS

- December 17—Friday. Basketball with Portage, here. Pep Assembly. School closes at 3:00; Christmas Vacation begins.
- December 18—Saturday. Basketball with Grand Rapids South, here.
- December 20—Christmas Formal at Walwood, 9:00-12:00.
- December 22—Wednesday. Basketball with Vicksburg, here.
- January 3—Monday. School resumes after vacation.
- January 5—Wednesday. Administrative Assembly, 12:30-1:00, Little Theatre.
- January 7—Friday. Basketball with Otsego, there.

Sugar 'n Spice

by Larry 'n Bryce

Awards to the artists! Gerry Green won the Exchange Club Poster Contest and Vicki Wenner placed fourth. Nice work.

Man, those seniors aren't very conceited! Their pictures can be seen all over the place. Hurry up, kids, and get one before they are all gone.

What's this we hear about trousers with crazy red panels? Take it cool, fellas, or you may be investigated.

The other day in Mrs. Rogers' combined class the themes submitted for the paper were being read. Tim Light was discussing shepherds and read, "If there was one thing, they didn't like, it was women." Joel Shepherd's comment: "Rumor!" Needless to say, bedlam followed.

Mr. Hackney's homeroom could well use someone to fill in when the president walks out in the middle of the announcements. Forget something, Nancy?

Marv Balch tells us that the new Dodge can suck any car up its exhaust pipe. Isn't that rather hard on one's muffler? What happens to hitchhikers?

This little pig went to market
This little pig stayed home— (He probably wanted to see some of those "ham actors.")

When bleaching bones for a skeleton, you are supposed to keep them in the bleach a few hours. Otherwise they disintegrate. Barb Born and Joannie Peelen misread the instructions and left the skeleton in two days. When they returned, "Nothin'."

Some of the more inquisitive individuals in Miss Kraft's 11:00 Latin class asked about the word for milk. The reply was "lac" (pronounced lock). With this, all of the little cherubs chortled with joy and turned on poor Wendy Locke. She is now the "cream of her class."

The junior English classes are studying that witty fellow, Ben Franklin, and some of his sayings. Note their original parodies on them:

"Three may keep a secret if two of them are men."

"Love your neighbor, if she's Marilyn Monroe."

"He that is of the opinion that money will do everything for him is right."

Bruce Marshall wants his father to give him a dual exhaust system for the family car. As Chuck Sweet would express it, "Keep a cool tool, for a Yule dual."

The Prophecy

'Twas in the days of old
And in those days, as in many others,
There was confusion.

Turmoil and chaos thrived,
Like in the time before the Great
Destruction.

Once again the Prince of Darkness
was ready to reap of the harvest grown from
his seeds of evil.

The seed rooted in man's weakness,
Grew on his morals,
Crowded his reason.

There turned man against man,
Nation against nation,
Tongue against tongue.
The time was drawing near to
save men from themselves.

God tired of the childish toyings of
the nations;

Through the prophets he spoke to them.
Isaiah put shame unto the Israelites condemning them in their sins,

And likewise followed the prophet Micah.
They spoke unto them saying:

That, though Bethlehem be one of many
in the land of Judah,

From there shall come the ruler of Israel,
Conceived of the Virgin Mary and named
that of Imanuel.

He shall lead them from their wickedness
and into salvation;

Those who shall believe in Him shall
believe hereafter.

Lo! the children of Israel awaited
their Messiah—

"And it came to pass . . ."

—Bryce Forester, '55

THE WOMEN I MARRY

Schensul wants a harem;
How pompous and regal;
Sorry, John,
Bigamy is illegal.

Speaking of originality Miss Cleveland's sophomore English class dramatized a satire on concentrated vitamins. The goal was a sort of "Christmas dinner or bust." The "balloon baby" was the recipient of a 300 lb. concentrated dinner. It got both!

There was a man one year
Those fate was horrid we hear,
He fell out of sight
From a dock one night,
Or so it did seem to a-pier.

Chin esepo etryi sawas teo ftime
I tdontm akese nse itdo nteve nrhy
me,
Bu tthis coul mnof ours w ill beo urdo
om
Ifwe don tfn dsomet hing tota keup
room.

Downbeat

by "Mr. Howie"

The carol sing has become a tradition in the school because people know the appropriate behavior for such an occasion. Some of the new students may not understand that loud noise, talking, and running around are not a part of an acceptable manner.

The sing will take place at noon in the main hall this Thursday.

The band has acquired, indirectly, two new flutes. Peggy Belooof received her present about a month ago and Carolyn Kaercher has an early Christmas gift.

Some of the latest hit songs here at State High, are 1. "Mr. Sandman," 2. "Naughty Lady of Shady Lane," 3. "Haji BaBa," 4. "Let Me Go Lover," 5. "If I Give My Heart To You," 6. "I'm a Little Busy Body," by Jerry Lewis.

A Little Black Present

The children were up at the crack of dawn, for again it was Christmas day. They bounded around and pulled and tugged at their parents, who sleeping lay. "Oh, Mother! Oh, Father! See Santa's been here!" "Come! Hurry! Let's open the presents." It didn't take long to empty the socks that hung by the fireplace bright, Or to open the gifts from under the tree where Santa had left them last night. "Oh, look at my skirt!" "Come see our train." "Come look at my table and chairs!" Were the shouts that were heard when father announced that all the gifts were simply not there. Then he went to the kitchen and opened the door. And bounding and slipping across the floor Came a little, black puppy, as black as the night, And tied round his neck was a ribbon so bright. The children were breathless, "How did you know where he was?" "Is he really ours? Is he from Santa Claus?" No answers were needed as eight little arms went tightly around the black ball. No doubt about it, this was the best gift of all! So sometime when you're stymied for a child's gift, come up with something pleasant. Just buy a red ribbon and wrap it around the neck of a little black present!

—Nancy Gay, '58

His Offering

A lean ragged-faced man slowly walked down the sidewalk. He pulled the threadbare remnant of a black woolen overcoat tighter around him. Strands of dark, uncut hair showed around the edge of his gray hat; the cement felt cold under his bootless feet.

On the street corner stood an old man, heavily armed against the cold, and slowly ringing a bell. To him it seemed that it was no longer a mental process, but a natural happening. By his side a pail lay partly full of money. A hurried shopper momentarily stopped to give a donation and was wished a Merry Christmas as he continued on his way.

Stopping at the corner, the lean man cupped his hands and blew into them to relieve the coldness. The bell kept on ringing without a let-up. In front of the pail, he pushed his hand to the very bottom of his coat pocket, where it closed over a pawn ticket. Into each trouser pocket in turn he put his hand; the first was empty, the other contained a candy cane given to him as an advance Christmas present at the Home. He pulled this out and stared at it momentarily, then dropped it into the pail. The ringing bell stopped and the man looked carefully at the gift. Then he turned an inquiring face towards the ragged man.

"I thought someone might enjoy some candy for Christmas," mumbled the giver, as he turned on his heel and walked down the street.

—Allen Elias, '58

Home for Christmas

The blanket of snow that covered the immense granite canyon called New York City was lending itself very well to the air of joy and good feeling that usually abounds in the city before the Yule. It was the night of December 23 and it looked as if the white flakes landing on the streets and sidewalks, softening the traffic sounds and the footsteps, would linger past the happy day. The crystals glittered as they passed through the rays of the streetlights like many twirling tinsels on a lighted Christmas tree. From this scene which he had run to view at his grandmother's exclamation, a little boy of ten, named Bobby, turned from the window and walked dejectedly back to his place. As he did so, he looked at his grandmother and said wistfully, "I wish Mommy and Daddy were here to see this snow. Why did they have to go to England now anyway? I sure hope they'll be home for Christmas Eve so we can all go to church together."

"Now, Bobby," replied the pleasant-faced old woman, "you know they'll be home for Christmas, and you also know why they went; so let's not hear any more about it."

"Yes, but they were supposed to come tonight and it's almost midnight. It's almost the day before Christmas."

"Oh, they'll be all right, Bobby. The plane probably couldn't leave England because of the bad weather there. Now you run off to bed; it's way past your bedtime."

The kindly lady had sensed the

urgency in the boy's voice. His talk was beginning to sound like that of a lost child. His father and mother had gone to England to clinch a big contract for his father's engineering company and, of course, they expected to come back a couple of days before Christmas. She had, in fact, lied to her grandson about the weather in England. It hadn't been so clear in twenty years, and she knew perfectly well that the plane took off and that it should have arrived long ago. She reminded herself to call the airport after Bobby had gone to bed; also not to turn on any news broadcasts and not to let Bobby see the paper, just in case something had happened. She had to even admit to herself that, at best, things were looking pretty dark.

During the night, the grandmother had called the airport twice, receiving the word that the plane was lost somewhere over the stormy Atlantic and that nothing had been heard from it for fourteen hours. Of course, the paper had been full of the story about the supposed mishap and naturally the early edition was now in the incinerator.

Bobby came into the kitchen for breakfast with a big grin on his face; this quickly faded when he did not see his parents or any signs of their presence. The question on his mind which his grandmother was prepared to answer went unasked.

As he sat down, his grandmother said "Bobby, as soon as you've finished breakfast, put on your good clothes and we'll go down and look at the stores."

"Can we go to the movie at the Roxie too, Grandma?" piped in Bobby, seeming to forget his dilemma.

"Sure we can," replied the woman.

The subway ride downtown was over all too soon and the two people ascended from the vast underground railway system in to the slush, which had been the white snow of last night, and made their way to Macy's.

The wonders of a department store at any time are enough to float every day thoughts from almost anyone's mind. But a small boy on the toy floor at Christmas time is the best example of the losing of every day thoughts to imagination. For the most part, Bobby was lost in the spacious wonderland, but at times, even the surroundings reminded him about his overdue parents.

The excursion was prolonged enough so that the evening meal was taken downtown. The affectionate grandmother had tried to soothe Bobby's feelings, but he was on the point of crying at every moment. She had heard no more good news yet but had picked up bits of bad information here and there during the day. It was well into evening when the two walked to the subway.

They boarded the "Local" and took the long ride home. The sight of the black tunnel showing the reflection of himself and the whole car on the

outside was a mournful reminder and soon became cloudy with tears.

At last the trip was over and the old woman and Bobby proceeded into the dark apartment building. Upon leaving the elevator, they quickly walked down the hall to their door. The little man, as always, slipped the key into the lock, without noticing the light coming from under it. The door flew open and he was swept into the waiting arms of his parents. They had come home for Christmas!

—John Simcox, '56

The Young Shepherd

It was the coldest night that David Benyosef had ever experienced. Even though he had lived the normal life of a shepherd for fifteen of his thirty-one years and was used to the worst winters Palestine could produce, he still was stiff with cold. Times like this made him think enviously about his early life in Jerusalem. He had never wondered so much about his possible mistake in running away from home at the age of sixteen. Even in the lowest despondency he had resolved to stick with his previous actions, but now that life crept into his thoughts again.

To make things worse, his sheep-herding companions were conversing in an effort to forget the weather, and they expected their usually facetious friend to join in. To get him talking, Paul, one of the shepherds, asked, "What's the matter with David? Is he in one of his more reverent moods and conjuring up a prophecy for us tonight?" There was a roar of laughter because of the common knowledge of David's outspoken antipathy towards religion.

As funny as that might have seemed to him any other time, now all David did was to frown and get up, saying that he heard some rustling among the sheep. After David had gone, Paul said, "Well, isn't he touchy tonight; just one remark and he stalks off. He must be getting soft."

* * * *

As David walked away from the laughing circle of men, he tried to bring back the memories of his home life. He remembered first that his father was very rich, in fact, the wealthiest man in Jerusalem. Saul Benyosef was a merchant and had inherited the large fortune of his father, but not his business tactics. The reason for his failing in the business world was that Saul spent a good deal of his time at the Synagogue. By doing this, he hoped to follow the faith of his fathers with as much precision as possible; on the Sabbath, he never moved more than to go to the temple. And even though the followers of Moses had eaten manna on the Sabbath, Saul Benyosef regarded the seventh day as a day of fasting.

This was where he and David had disagreed the most because not only did Saul follow the Law exactly himself, but he required his family to

Contentment

Christmas, the most beautiful of all holidays, brings with it a great feeling of contentment.

Contentment as we relax in our darkened living room on Christmas Eve, lit only by the lights on the tree, and listen to the Trapp family sing their favorite carols while our dog, wearing a festive red bow, dozes at our feet.

Contentment when we push and shove our way through the downtown holiday crowds and notice the happy expressions of people and the inner glow of their faces.

Contentment when a small child's happy countenance is visible as he talks with Santa for the first time.

Contentment as we place the golden star on the top of the Christmas tree and decorate the rest of it with festoons of tinsel and balls and treasured decorations that we have saved carefully from year to year.

Contentment when all our cards are addressed and mailed and all our gifts, wrapped and purchased, each carrying good wishes for our friends.

Contentment as a blond choir boy carrying a tall red taper comes down the evergreen-lined aisle of our church singing "The First Noel."

Contentment when we watch our mother open the gift we made for her and read the untold thanks on her lips.

Contentment as a tiny cocker spaniel puppy frolics around the tree on Christmas morn.

Contentment when all our relatives have gathered with us for the holidays and throughout the house there is the fragrance of cookies baking, of spices and fruit cakes, of pine boughs and incense.

Deep contentment as an intense blue night with its star-studded heavens drops away and we step into the quietness of a candlelit church and hear the organ softly play "Away In A Manger." We wonder if Bethlehem, on that blessed night, could have been any lovelier than this.

And the deepest contentment of all, when we feel the true spirit of Christmas rising within us and transforming us into those who are young at heart. For Christmas, even though it belongs to the children, still has more of a spiritual meaning for us when we become older. As Peter Marshall wrote "We will keep Christmas—keep it as it is . . . in all the loveliness of its ancient traditions. May we keep it in our hearts, that we may be kept in its hope."

—Margaret Borton, '56

also. Anna Benyosef and her two daughters, were just as serious in their search for God as Saul, but David had never seen any sense in it.

First of all he didn't see any truth in the Prophets and what they said. If any Messiah was going to come, 1500 years was long enough to wait for him, and David questioned all the formality and pomp that went along with Judaism. They said that people benefited by being religious and following the set rules for living, but all David could see was his father losing the fortune of his grandfather. And since David inherited the practicality of his grandfather, he didn't like the waste of money.

Finally at the age of sixteen, he had been stuffed so full of religious forms that he decided that he would better his lot by himself. He thought that he could never accept the seeming unwittingness of his father's religion, so he ran away from home to become a shepherd.

* * * *

"It certainly would be warm at home now. There would be a big fire burning, but more than that, the people would be warm, too. No curs-

ing one another or being mean; everyone would be just like they always were. Father and I would be partners in the business; the girls and I would all probably be married, and mother would be getting dinner for a full family gathering—damn it! I must quit thinking about those things. I left them in Jerusalem along with their silly beliefs. There's no sense in being sentimental now; besides, it's cold; I'd better go back to the fire and try to get warmed."

When David got back to the campfire, the men were gambling, and he, in his despondent mood, joined in recklessly. If they had played on past six rounds, he probably would have lost all he had, but they were prevented from continuing because suddenly everywhere around them was filled with light. It was so bright the campfire was hardly distinguishable. The light was as bright as a thousand suns and it made them close their eyes and put their hands over them.

Then, as if to quell any fears they had, a voice spoke, saying, "Be not afraid; for behold, I bring you good news of a great joy which will come to all the people; for to you is born

this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord. And this will be a sign for you: you will find a babe wrapped in swaddling cloths and lying in a manger." Then the voice stopped and they heard the most beautiful music they had ever heard. It seemed almost impossible that a choir could sound that way. They had heard praises sung to God before, but this was the most wonderful ever. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men with whom he is pleased," the angels sang, and then the light vanished as quickly as it had come.

A silent quarter of an hour passed and then Joseph spoke, "You all know that I'm not much on religion. In fact, I don't really believe there is such a thing as a god. If I didn't know that none of us has seen wine for two months, I'd say we were all drunk, but we aren't. I don't know how to express it, but there is something in what we have just seen. I think that we should go to Bethlehem and see what it means."

They all stood up, but no one said anything. Without a word Joseph became their acknowledged leader. They all got ready to go, and just as they were leaving camp, Joseph said, "Maybe we each ought to take a lamb along, because if this is really the Messiah, we'll all have a lot of atoning to do."

* * * *

Here he was, David Benyosef, just a shepherd standing in an unknown stable amongst a gathering of strangely reverent animals and people. He had never seen anything like this in his thirty-one years of earthly existence. What were all these people doing here, and what were they doing here at this particular time? That young woman must be awfully embarrassed, but if she is, she doesn't show it. Why nobody seems to think it strange to be here, apparently only a few hours after the little baby was born.

All the strange events of tonight must fit in together, but how—how can these queer things have something in common? They must, but how?

His mind worked furiously; he knew that there was something about a Savior in the things his parents had taught him. If he could only remember, but he had tried so hard to forget those stupid beliefs. Then something in his mind clicked, "Isaiah—the prophecy of Isaiah—that was something about a Messiah who was going to save the people, free the people—this is what it all meant. The prophecies, the Torah, the angels, the light, the music, the devotion of men for so many centuries; they all fit in." Suddenly he tried to run out; he didn't feel worthy to be in the same room with the Son of God.

But his feet wouldn't work; something was holding him there. A voice seemed to be talking to him saying, "This is my gift to the world. What is your gift to me?" Whether it was something supernatural or his own

conscience, David couldn't tell, but he knew whichever it was, it originated in heaven.

The force seemed to be gone and again he tried to leave, and now he could. As he closed the door flap behind him, he took one last look at his King and went out into the night.

* * * *

It had been three days since the strange night, and David Benyosef had spent the time sitting on the outskirts of Bethlehem thinking. He knew that he had been wrong and that now he must serve God in some way, but how? He wished that he could go to someone and talk about it, but who did he know but the other shepherds. If he had someone close like a father. "Father, Why he's the person I can talk to."

And an hour later David Beyosef was well on the road to Jerusalem, and home.

—Tim Light, '56

You've Got It

If the express company called you the day before Christmas, and told you there was a big box containing an ORNITHORHYNCHOUS, what would you do with it?

Dick McCrumb, "Go get it, bring it home and try to make it comfortable."

Mr. Taylor, "Mount it and put it in my stamp collection."

Nancy Brown, "Give it to Gary to play. He can play anything."

Julie denBleyker, "Give it to some of the sophomore boys to wear with their neat pink and black outfits."

Sharon Spann, "Take it to bed with me, what else?"

Bev Fender, "Give it to Tony for Christmas."

Miss Crisman, "Give it to Mr. Deur."

As you can tell, these kids don't know that an ORNITHORHYNCHOUS is a duckbill.

Closing Night

The applause was deafening. Although the demonstration of approval from the audience was overwhelming, Monty Layne was bitter and disgusted. Here he was, the leading singer of Broadway musicals, singing Christmas carols to a group of orphans in a run-down theater on the lower East Side. To top it off, his agent had insisted that he sing at the benefit on Christmas Eve, said it would be good publicity. Well, he could do without the publicity, he thought to himself. According to *Variety*, he was the most outstanding singer to hit Broadway in twenty-two years; besides, he would rather spend Christmas Eve with his fiancée.

As he walked off into the wings, he thought, "No use crying over spilled milk; I'm here and can't do anything about it." However, to satisfy his ego, he added, "But I don't like it a bit." While indulging in his self-satisfying thinking, Monty almost bumped into MacAlester, the aged and venerated caretaker of the theater, who stood in the semi-darkness of backstage.

"Merry Christmas," Mac whispered to Monty.

"Yeah," Monty conceded, thinking, "It's a real merry for me."

As Monty stepped around the curtain ropes to leave for his dressing room, Mac detained him by placing his hand on Monty's arm. "Say Mr. Layne, you look kind of troubled over something. Is it about tonight and the benefit show?"

Muttering a half-oath about old men keeping their curiosity to themselves, Monty stopped long enough to pour out how he felt. It was then that Mac asked him what his conception of Christmas was. Stammering, Monty faltered, "Well, the usual things, department store Santas, candy canes, mistletoe . . ."

"You forgot one thing," Mac paused. "How about faith?"

Monty steeled himself for a Christmas Eve sermon from the old man. Picking up the current issue of *Variety* that someone had discarded on one of the props, Monty absent-mindedly answered MacAlester. "Look, Mac, I haven't the time nor the desire to discuss the meaningless word. Who has ever had complete faith to believe, anyway?"

The challenge was left unanswered, however, as the audience was shouting their wish for more carols by Monty Layne. Monty brushed by Mac, thrust the newspaper of show business into his hand, and re-appeared on the stage. Through the entire encore, "White Christmas," Monty thought complacently about his retort to Mac about complete faith.

Although the audience once more responded with lengthy applause, Monty did not return after the curtain had descended. Not attempting to change his attitude of bitterness and cynicism, he strode to his dressing room, forgetting completely about his conversation with MacAlester.

It was not until Monty had come out of his dressing room with his overcoat that he noticed the newspaper lying at his feet by the door. Discovering that it was his copy of *Variety*, he bent and picked it up. Pausing at the dim light offered by the red "Exit" light, Monty hurriedly read a brief account of his recent performance in the Broadway musical. It was then that he noticed the two words scrawled at the top, over the *Variety* banner. They were almost illegible.

"He had."

Puzzled, Monty turned up the collar of his overcoat, discarded the newspaper in a trash can, and walked out through the falling snow to hail a cab.

—David Swoap, '55

Merry Christmas?

The place is Europe and the time is Christmas Eve, 1944.

There was hardly any noise except the wind whistling through the trees and surrounding town, when Lt. Bob Anderson, U.S.A. Medical Corps, opened the door to the hospital. The moon was full and glistened brightly and somewhat gaily on the newly fallen snow. He quickly shut the door behind him because of the blackout, but remained standing in the doorway, hands in pockets, looking out over the ruins. It was a typical Belgian town set on a rolling landscape with a bordering woods. The door opened again and out stepped another man; it was Captain John Leonard, also in the Medical Corps and a buddy to Lt. Anderson.

"Getting some fresh air, Bob?" asked the captain.

"Yeh. It's been a tough day having to move all those patients and such. You know that there were only three out of over four hundred that are too serious to move until the last minute."

"Uh huh. Best percentage in a long time."

Suddenly the lieutenant burst into laughter.

"Now what inspired that?"

"Oh, I was just thinking if somebody had said to me five years ago, that I'd be practicing medicine in a school house like this one, I would have called him crazy."

"I know what you mean. Those three serious cases you mentioned?"

The other nodded. "Well, they're pretty lucky in a way. They're shot up, but they'll live and are heading for the States tomorrow, while we in turn are going to move up towards the front."

"Yep, that's quite a break for them. One of them is from Iowa, my old home state, and he's got a wife and six, mind you, six kids waiting for him. They haven't seen him in two years and will be real glad to have him home. By the way, what time is it? My watch musta stopped."

"Uh . . . it's 23 hundred 50 hours, almost midnight."

Then in the distance out of the still night came the sound of a lone plane. As it drew closer, it was easily identified as a German aircraft by the sound of its motors. Not much thought was given to it, however, because a single plane is usually of a reconnaissance type. Then out of nowhere came an earth trembling roar, the hospital reeled under the blow, and all the lights went out.

"What the . . .," started the lieutenant.

"I don't know, but it wasn't Santa Claus . . . Come on!" yelled the captain, who was already on the run.

A bomb, a big bomb, had slammed itself into the right wing, the place where the remaining wounded were kept. The windows all along the side towards the blast were blown out and

D.A.R. Pilgrim Named



Nancy Watterworth

"I really don't deserve it," replied Nancy Watterworth in her friendly, modest way when notified of her being selected as this year's D.A.R. Pilgrim.

This honor comes to a senior girl who has the qualifications of leadership, character, service, and citizenship as set up by the local chapter of the Daughters of American Revolution.

Nancy is best-known for her titian hair and brilliant smile as she is seen rushing through the halls from one activity to another. For four years she has been constantly busy with a variety of interests: the service committee, as chairman of assembly committee, forensics, choir, trio, the Blue and Gold Revue, and the play "Room For One More." Her church work consists of being in the adult choir, director of Junior and Cherub choirs and superintendent of young children's Sunday school. She is in the Junior Symphony and this fall has been in Western's college orchestra. Nancy also takes private voice and piano lessons.

part of the wall on both floors was down. The three injured men were in a room on the second floor and across the corridor on the side away from the explosion. All the staff and attendants were in the main part of the building, and there was a good chance the patients would survive because of their location. But . . . one of them didn't. You're right . . .

"It's Iowa," said the captain as he knelt over the still form of a man partially cloaked in white and spattered with red. "He'd made it through a lot and was going home tomorrow . . . er, today. How's this for a Christmas present!"

—Gary Birch, '56

Moment of Fame

Once raggedy, jaggedy forest pines,
We braved the winter wind's woeful whines
And hoped and sighed for better times.

Now shimmering, glimmering Christ-trees,
We're no longer neglected—left to freeze;
Our glory comes, and as swiftly flees.

—Vicki Wenner, '56

Christmas at Home

Christmas will be here soon. What a wonderful feeling!

In Germany four weeks before Christmas, we buy a wreath made of evergreen branches and put four candles into it. Every Sunday one of these candles is lighted. On the first advent Sunday there is only one lighted candle, on the second Sunday, two, and when all four candles are lighted, then we know Christmas has arrived.

Meanwhile, it seems Christmas will never come. Of course, you have to help mother to get the different kinds of cookies ready for the holidays. Once my twin brother and I ate so many of them that we were sick. Then we took a walk and afterwards we were well again.

Downtown, every store is beautifully decorated, and it is very hard to choose the gifts for your parents.

A few days before Christmas father buys the Christmas tree. On Christmas Eve the whole family helps in decorating the Christmas tree with baubles, angel hair, and candles. Then the children have to leave the living room because the Christ Child is now going to come secretly to bring the presents to them.

After awhile mother calls in her sweetest voice: "Come in, dear children." The big moment has come; all the candles on the Christmas tree are burning. How wonderful this looks! First the children put presents for their parents on the table. Then the whole family stands around the Christmas tree and sings Christmas songs. All eyes are shiny. You are so happy and grateful to be with your dear parents. How many children don't have a father or a mother anymore!

After the songs are finished, the gifts are unwrapped. What a big surprise that is!

Then comes the tasty Christmas dinner. A big, heavy goose! Oh, how good it tastes!

At midnight the people go to church, where girls and boys are giving a play about Christ's birth.

Christmas is quite a wonderful holiday. But we must never forget that Christ was born on this day, and thus Christmas was possible.

—Ursula Rothfuss, '56

State to Battle Mustangs and G.R. South

Why Did They Lie?

One snowy, early December day Chuck, a husky, blond eight year old with a ready smile, which revealed a space once occupied by a tooth, went to play with his friend John. He pulled his sled merrily down the winding, snow-covered road, up a small but steep hill and into Johnny's yard.

"Hi, Johnny!" he greeted with his hearty voice and quick smile. "How's the hill for sliding?"

John, a nine year old with black curly hair and two slightly protruding front teeth, was about the same height and weight as Chuck. He somewhat dejectedly answered Chuck's greeting with a, "Hello. I haven't tried the hill yet, but it looks pretty good."

The two boys walked down the cow lane to the desired hill with few words exchanged until John, as if desperate, asked, "Chuck, do you believe in Santa Claus?"

Chuck laughed a short, puzzled laugh and first exclaimed and then questioned, "Of course, I believe in Santa Claus. Don't you?"

"Not any more," was the sad reply. "My Dad said I was old enough to know the truth now. He said that Mother and he have given me those presents that I have always thought were from Santa."

"You're a liar and you know it!" cried Chuck, greatly disturbed by his friend's story. "I saw Santa down town just last year."

"You just saw a man dressed up like Santa. My Dad says there's no Santa Claus, no reindeer or anything."

"There is too a Santa Claus!" Chuck cried, a tear dropping from his watered eyes. "I've sent him two letters and each time he gave me just what I asked for. And besides that, he always eats the food I leave for him. I know you're a dirty liar and I'm going right home to tell my mother."

Chuck burst into the kitchen blurted out his distrust in John. "Mother!" he cried, "John's a liar. He said there isn't any Santa Claus. That's a lie, isn't it?"

His mother, stunned by the sudden question, stammered momentarily trying to decide on an answer. She finally, knowing it useless to lie any more, verified John's story.

Chuck was so confused he could only cry while asking himself over and over why his parents had told him such a lie. He recalled his most severe discipline had been administered when he once told a lie.

He did, however, realize the consequence of a lie from his heart-breaking experience. It was a difficult job for him to apologize to Johnny.

—Merton Norman, '56

Free Throw

by Ted Garneau

This coming Friday the State High basketballers play Portage in what should be a very exciting game. Portage has a more experienced team and rates a slight edge, but the way this reporter sees it, the Cubs should come out on top. My prediction is State 56, Portage 44.

Bob Miles, brilliant Cub halfback during the football season, was named on the second all-state team. Congratulations, Bob.

Next year's football team will be captained by Miles. The cross-country team will have John Curren at the helm. We wish both boys lots of luck.

What's with the pink pants? On the trip to Holland most of the boys on the team wore them and really looked catty! ! !

Sunday, December 5, Coach Walters and 4 of the school's contributions to this year's all-city football team went to the Detroit Lions game. These footballers were Tom Harding, Bob Miles, Dick Tyler, and Tony Nieboer.

Holland Downs

Varsity, Reserves

A score of 77 to 36 looks very bad, but when one looks at the facts between the two teams, he might feel differently. First a person must go back to the football season. While the Cubs were throwing the pigskin around back in September, the Dutchmen were already practicing basketball; only 4 lettermen have returned from last year's team; and thirdly, Christian had already played two games prior to the State High encounter.

All these facts prove that although State did look bad, it doesn't mean a thing as far as the rest of the season goes. Nate Taylor, Bob Beisel and Jack DeKreek looked pretty good for State High, but there is much room for improvement.

At the half time the giants from Holland had a 26 point lead and from there on both teams installed subs into their lineups. Nate Taylor led the team with 11 points while Bob Miles was second with 8.

State's little Cubs started their basketball season on December 3 by playing Holland Christian Reserves. State played hard, but was beaten 53-34. Dave Fuller, Jim Brown, Richard Howson, and Vern Wade were some of the outstanding players in that game.

Tough Games In Next Ten Days

Within the next 10 days the State High Cubs will take on three top teams: Portage this Friday, Grand Rapids South on Saturday at Plainwell, and Vicksburg on Tuesday. If the Cubs lose any of these, it will be to Grand Rapids South, a class A team. Even to win two of these games State High will have to be on their toes.

Cubs Sneak Past S. Haven

By winning over South Haven 56-50 in a thriller last Friday night, the State High cagers gave a glimpse of what you can expect during the coming season. Although the Cubs didn't look too bad, they still lack consistency. State won on scoring spurts that kept them in the ball game in the first half. A finishing spurt then gave them a 10 point lead at the half.

It was Pete Parker's hot shooting eye that accounted for 26 points. Much of the credit for the Cubs' win goes to the beautiful rebound work of Nate Taylor and John Fleckenstein. If Fleckenstein can improve his defense, he may develop into one of the most valuable players on the floor.

Nate Taylor is one of those players who has good co-ordination and who times his jumps well. Although he is short pivot man, Nate has the ball handling ability that makes him great. Pete Parker has the shooting eye that helps a team in the pinches.

So much for the offense. In defense Bobby Miles was the standout man, assisted ably by plenty of help from Taylor and Wise. Chuck Warfield was the phantom player Friday night; he seemed to be all over the floor.

All in all, it was a game which shows that the Cubs are a team to be reckoned with. If they keep improving, State High will be a Wolverine League power.

Victory for S. H. Reserves

State High Reserves chalked up their first victory last Friday night at South Haven with a score of 57-45. Dave Fuller was high point man that night with 15 and Vern Wade was close behind, having 14.

The little Cubs had been off to a slow start with their first game of the season, but they showed at South Haven that they weren't going to stay down in the basement.

Our Christmas Tree

Each year at Christmas time
When we discuss a tree,
Each one has his opinion
Of the size that it will be.

Mother likes her tree quite small,
So green and fresh and piney,
Dainty with stars, tinsel and bells,
With packages bright and shiny.

Now the kind of tree that I like
Is tall and thick and green,
So large it fills up half the room
And covers the T.V. screen.

Dad doesn't care what size it is.
He's more interested in the price.
"See that cheap one over there,
I think that is very nice."

Now when we go to buy it,
Guess which size 'twill be?
As Christmas is for children,
The choice is left to me.
—Helen Thorpe, '56

Time of Glory

Every year about two weeks before Christmas our laundry man, Mr. Nelson, stops at our house to collect laundry and also a box or sack lying inconspicuously in some corner of our garage. To the younger children he is known as "Uncle Charlie," and his truck is never empty of cookies or candy for all. He is a big man with a fat face and dancing blue eyes behind a mop of snow white eyebrows. His thinning white hair is always covered with a little laundry cap, making him look like a fat, playful little boy.

Christmas Eve finds our family all sitting in the living room listening to the piano or trying to read. My little brother is sprawled on the couch talking with my sister when suddenly heavy footsteps echo from the kitchen coming toward us. Everyone stops what he is doing and all eyes focus on the door from the dining room. It swings open and standing there is Santa Claus, alias Mr. Nelson. My little brother speaks first, "Hi, Santa, what'cha bring me?"

With a merry laugh Santa steps into the room. His red suit and cap with black boots and belt to match reflect the flickering flame's shadows thrown out from the fireplace and dancing across his body. A long white beard is on his face and at first one can't be sure that it is Mr. Nelson.

He sits down near the hearth and puts his white bag filled to the brim on the floor beside him. My brother approaches him and stands before him searching his face for identity. Finding none, he begins peppering Santa with questions, "Where are your reindeer? What's in the sack? Why didn't you come down the chimney?"

"I got your letter asking me for all those toys you wanted. Are you very sure you've been good this year

and eaten all your food?" asks Santa. A quick glance is given Mother and then my brother assures Santa he's been very good and didn't fight—hardly at all.

Digging down in his bag, Santa produces two packages and hands them to my brother.

"Oh, just what I asked you for, Santa!" my brother exclaims when the packages are ripped open.

Climbing up on Santa's knee, he is soon lost to the world around him as he fires questions and listens intently to the answers.

"I'd better be going soon," says Santa, "I have many more places to stop yet tonight."

Giving us a good-night wink and wishing us all a Merry Christmas, he jingles out the back door and disappears. My brother flies to the window to catch one more glimpse of him and just "sees" him as he flies up over the trees and out of sight.

As I think back on this, I wonder who enjoys it the most: my parents watching my brother's face, or my sister and I wishing we were young again, or my brother meeting Santa and spending a heavenly ten minutes with him? I don't think it's any of these. It's Mr. Nelson, watching the young children's eyes light up and hearing their joyful shouts and the questions asked him. Yes, Mr. Nelson is in his time of glory.

—Joel Shepherd, '56

Meeting Mr. Claus

"Mr. Santa Claus, may I talk to you and find out what the kiddies at State High wish you to bring them for Christmas?"

"You know, Sharon Lynch has a longing for a class ring. Hmmm, I thought she just got a new one."

"Little Joanie Blanchette, that real cute sophomore, said she could use a few dozen cashmeres."

"Judd Wise and Judy Rock both want a new car, although Judd just needs a new car and Judy is more fussy . . . she is pining for me to drop a red Cadillac '55 convertible into her stocking."

"Millie Hafer has an unusual request, and I doubt if I can fill her order. She desires some sort of medicine that will make her taller. I wonder if she wants it for Dick?"

"Boots for Escanaba, so Jane Haney can have a Merry Christmas."

"Alice Osterberg must like biology or hate someone. I'll see if I can fulfill her order of a big fat green worm."

"Jayne Shakespeare and Nancy Brown fancy some more of that stuff in the bottle. I don't know what they're talking about."

"Margaret Borton has her eyes set upon a foot warmer and Jim Malone put in a special order for a spot light. I am curious to see what he is going to do with one of those things."

"I think perhaps I had better stop here for I might tell something that someone doesn't want me to."

Carol's Cubbyhole

Wow! In this whirlwind of flounce and ruffles, I received a bad case of formalitis. But while I was laid up in the Cubbyhole, I became acquainted with many of the new and interesting faces that will be paired up at some of the gala events during vacation.

BRUCE MARSHALL is escorting JOANNE QUIRING to the snow-covered ballroom, while SHARON GILDEA and GARY FORSLEFF and PAUL WEBER and JAYNE SHAKESPEARE are practicing up on their rusty two-step.

JUDY SCHENKEL and ANNE DOYLE can hardly wait until that golden hour arrives, when their prince charmings, BOB JOHNSON and JIM MALONE, will pick them up in their gallant automobiles.

Some new twosomes that will be attending are ERIC BROWN and BERNANNE SIMPSON and TOM HOWSON and NANCY WATTERWORTH.

Of course, the regulars will be there, but fellows, you only have 4 more days, so let's get with it!

PAT BAKER is carryng a torch for a certain male at Central. Seems that no one knows his name.

The female section of the "Seven Sisters" cast has formed a JIM CAUSEY "fan club." President-elect is NANCY HOTNEIER. Hmm. What have we here? Speaking of the play, JAN CORRELL and JACK DeKREEK enjoyed it together.

Another pair that has been seen quite regularly are FRAN MILLER and PETE PARKER. Isn't that sterling?

Say, girls, a female finally got to TOM HARDING's heart. Just ask him about the "red-head" at Western.

Christmas is really a time of celebration, especially for BOBBIE McBRIDE, TAMSIN MALONE, and LOIS FULLER. Little men are coming home from big colleges.

The true word gets around that CHUCK SWEET is going steady! He talks about her all the time. Boy, she must be quite a girl if you commute to Chicago to see her, Chuck!

While mentioning quite the girls, JOYCE OWEN really gets the mail. A pretty explosive two-pager arrives almost every day AND from different men! Things are tough all over.

Request from VICKI WENNER and DEAN GRIFFITH: Will the flash-happy photographer on the game busses please refrain from his nerve-racking hobby? Those LIGHTS do blind one, especially the one she was with at the play on Saturday night.

Well, guys and dolls, I have to close this gruesome bit of chatter for the holidays. Guess I'll slide back to safety, leaving with you a "King Size" wish for a MERRY CHRISTMAS!